mary I would not doe ſuch a thing for a ioynt-ring, or for meaſures of Lawne, nor for Gownes, Petticotes, or Caps, nor any petty exhibition; but for the whole world: why who would not make her husband a Cuckold to make him a Monarch? I ſhould venture purgatory for it.

Deſ. Beſhrew me, if I would doe ſuch wrong
For the whole world.

Em. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i'th world; and having the world for your labour, tis a wrong in your owne world, and you might quickly make it right.

Deſ. I doe not thinke there is any ſuch woman.

Em. Yes, a dozen, and as many to the vantage, as would ſtore the world they played for.
But I doe thinke it is their husbands faults,
If wiues doe fall: (ſay that they ſlack their duties,
And poure our treaſures into forreigne laps,
Or elſe breake out in peeuiſh iealouſies,
Throwing reſtraint vpon vs; or ſay they ſtrike vs,
Or ſcant our former hauing in deſpight,)
Why we haue galles, and though we haue ſome grace,
Yet haue we ſome reuenge: Let husbands know
Their wiues haue ſence like them; they ſee, and ſmell,
And haue their pallats both for ſweet and ſowre,
As husbands haue: what is it that they doe,
When they change vs for others? is it ſport?
I thinke it is; and doth affection breed it?
I thinke it doth; is't frailty that thus erres?
It is ſo too; and haue not we affections?
Deſires for ſport? and frailtie as men haue?
Then let em vſe vs well, elſe let em know,
The ills we doe, their ills inſtruct vs ſo.

Deſ. Good night, good night, heauen me ſuch vſes ſend,
Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend. *Exeunt.*

Actus 5. Scœna 1.

Enter Iago *and* Roderigo.

Iag. HEre ſtand behind this bulke, ſtrait will he come,
Weare thy good Rapier bare, and put it home,

Quicke

Quicke, quicke, feare nothing, Ile be at thy elbow;
It makes vs, or it marres vs, thinke of that,
And fixe more firme thy reſolution.

Rod. Be neere at hand, I may miſcarry in't.

Iag. Here at thy hand, be bold, and take thy ſtand.

Rod. I haue no great deuotion to the deed;
And yet he has giuen me ſatisfying reaſons;
Tis but a man gon: forth my ſword, he dies.

Iag. I haue rubd this young Quat almoſt to the ſenſe,
And he growes angry, now, whether he kill *Caſsio*,
Or *Caſsio* him, or each doe kill the other,
Euery way makes my game; liue *Roderigo*,
He calls me to a reſtitution large,
For Gold and Iewells that I bobd from him,
As gifts to *Deſdemona*:
It muſt not be, if *Caſsio* doe remaine,
He has a daily beauty in his life,
That makes me vgly: and beſides, the Moore
May vnfould me to him; there ſtand I in much perrill:
No, he muſt die, be't ſo, I heare him comming.

Enter Caſsio.

Rod. I know his gate, tis he; villaine thou dieſt.

Caſ. That thruſt had bin my enemy indeed,
But that my coate is better then thou know'ſt;
I will make proofe of thine.

Rod. O, I am ſlaine.

Caſ. I am maimd for euer, light ho, murder,

Enter Othello.

Oth. The voice of *Caſsio*, *Iago* keepes his word.

Rod. O villaine that I am.

Oth. Harke, tis euen ſo.

Caſ. O helpe ho, light, a Surgeon.

Oth. Tis he, O braue *Iago*, honeſt and iuſt,
That haſt ſuch noble ſenſe of thy friends wrong,
Thou teacheſt me; —minion, your deare lies dead,
And your vnbleſt fate hies; ſtrumpet I come;
Forth of my heart, thoſe charmes thine eyes are blotted,
Thy bed luſt-ſtaind, ſhall with luſts blood be ſpotted. *Exit.*